

## DAVIS TENNIS CUP.

Prospects For Recovery of Famous Trophy Grow Brighter.

## CANDIDATES FOR THE TRIP.

No Matches For Cup in Either England or America—Send Players to Australia in November—National Champion Larned Not to Go.

Lawn tennis is exciting more attention this year than it has since the all conquering Dohertys carried both the Davis cup and the national championship back to England with them, and with good reasons. There are not perhaps so many absolutely first class players as in some recent years, but the early tournaments have produced many men of class, and there seems more than a fair chance that the Davis cup may be brought back from Australia if a team is sent.

With the certainty that there will be no elimination tennis matches for the Davis cup in either England or America this year, interest in the championship honors of the world has really narrowed down to the proposed trip to Australia. On whether or not the committee in charge of these matters for the United States Lawn Tennis association can prevail upon two or three good men to go to the antipodes much will depend. The matches in Australia are not scheduled to take place until November, and therefore there is plenty of time to make the necessary preparations.

The trouble this year will be in picking a team with a fair chance of victory and getting the men to go. Thus far no one has really played tennis in this country to warrant any confidence of success. The national champion, William A. Larned, has said that he will positively not make the trip to Australia. With the exception of the work shown at Seabright, William J. Clothier, the 1906 champion, has not performed well enough to warrant his selection. He has been beaten by Edwin Larned in the Middle States, and C. B. Doyle of Washington also has taken him into camp.

There has undoubtedly been an effort on the part of some moving spirits to get Edwin P. Larned into such shape that he can qualify, but the young brother of the champion is not classy enough for such an undertaking. He has beaten Clothier and Little, and that is about all. Clothier was away off his game, and Little has been out of the running all year. Larned has been beaten several times by Mollenhauer in the Long Island championship and by George F. Touchard in the Felipe cup series.

Karl Behr will naturally come in for consideration, but the once fast Crescent Athletic club man has not done any kind of work this year, and he would have to improve a great deal to be justified in demanding consideration. Likewise Little has been going back steadily, even though he defeated Wright in the recent Longwood tournament. His game against the national champion, W. A. Larned, was very poor. It is likely that Beals Wright will be one of the team, as he is always good when it comes to the international matches, no matter how careless he may be in the first part of the year. He understands international playing better than any other star in the country, and he would very likely accept an invitation to go.

Frederick B. Alexander has shown up strong this year. He was going along splendidly when he sprained his ankle, and there are many who think he can carry off the Newport honors if he maintains his recent form. Whether or not he could be induced to go to Australia is still a question. If he accepts it would mean that Beals Wright and Fred Alexander will be the team, a pair not to be despised.

It is hardly likely that England could beat the pair with both of the Dohertys out of the game. Gore, Ritchie, Barrett and one or two others from the British Isles would probably find their hands full with the singles if they went. In Australia, should America get through the elimination series with Great Britain, there would be Brooks, who is in all likelihood the best player of the day. Even Brooks might strike a snag if the two Americans were in top form, and certainly there is no other Australian who would be troublesome. Thus the championship would resolve itself into a question of how strong a doubles team could begethared.

Harold Hackett, the partner of Alexander, has announced that he cannot go, so that Wright would probably have to team with Alexander, and just how strong a combination they would make is problematical, as they have never been tried.

## Shrubb After Longboat.

Alfred Shrubb, the English professional distance runner, has challenged Tom Longboat, the Indian, who was touted by the Canadians as an almost sure winner of the Marathon race at the Olympic games in London, but who stopped at the twentieth mile, to run ten miles for the world's championship. Shrubb says it is ridiculous to believe that Longboat beat his ten mile record in Boston last winter, and if the Indian has any idea of turning professional Shrubb will make a match with him at once to run ten miles for \$1,000 or more as a side wager.

## Dineen Surprised 'Em.

A pitcher who is surprising the baseball world is Bill Dineen of the St. Louis Americans. The tag "all in" was put on him long ago. At present he is the star pitcher of McAleer's staff.

## GRAMMAR VERSUS LOVE.

Pretty maiden, Tim's me name. I'm a simple naval gent. Ain't ye glad when I have come? Ain't ye sad when I have gone? Ain't I nothin' to yer? Oh, how can I seem not nothin' nohow? When I seen the starlit sea sorrow sticketh in me brow. "Moon," I says, "how I love shet! Yet I seen what I have saw— Her and him just gettin' deader, Me not never nowise nearer." Can't yer never care for I? Aris thou keepin' somethin' hid? Do I gift the cool go-by? For some deed I didn't did? I dost love thou till I'm dippy. These doth treat I somethin' snippy. Off I think, think I, like that, "If I done did aside, Wouldst she come where I was at, saying, 'I wouldst be thy bride?' Or wouldst she when I was founded? Cogitate, 'Was best he's drowned?'"

I'll say no more—I've spoke! Yet how nice if thou butst wouldst marry I, a simple bloke. Who'd support thee, for I couldst! Ain't I nowise needed? Oh, how can I seem not nothin' nohow? —Wallace Irwin in Smith's Magazine.

## A New Vehicle.

"Is Mr. Bromley in?" asked the caller.

"He is not, sorr," Pat answered politely. "Shure he won't be in till 4 o'clock or mebbe after."

"Where's he gone?"

"He went to ride in his interim, sorr."

"His what?"

"His interim. 'Tis a tony name fer buggy, I'm thinkin'. Half an hour ago Misher Bromley says to me, 'Pat, says he, 'I'm ixpictin' Misher Dobb here some time this afternoon, but I guess he won't be after gittin' here yet awhile, so I'll go downtown in the interim.' An' with that he druv off in his buggy."—Lippincott's Magazine.

## Trying to Be Philosophic.

"Do you think horse racing is demoralizing?"

"No," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "Horse racing has kept many husbands home nights by preventing them from having car fare to go anywhere else."—Washington Star.

## A Watchful Wife.

"William," she said, "will you do something that is for your own good?"

"What is it?"

"I want you to give up smoking. You are simply ruining your health—and my lace curtains."—Tit-Bits.

## A Pretty Good Sign.

"What makes you think this new hand is likely to rise rapidly over the other men in the factory?"

"I noticed last night that he worked nearly four seconds after the whistle blew."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## His Day.

"Every dog has his day," sighed the rhinoceros, trying not to feel hurt at the laughter of the crowd. "It is true my hide is not very cell fitting, but just wait until the fluffy effects come in again."—Detroit Free Press.

## A Little Dark Meat Without Dressing.



—Harper's Weekly.

## Let Him Try.

"I fear no foe in shining armor," said the man at a concert.

"Don't you, old chap?" grumbled the bachelor in the front row. "Then you try to open a sardine tin with a pocket-knife!"—Penny Illustrated.

## The Gossip.

"Ego always monopolizes the conversation talking about himself."

"Yes, but he isn't so bad as his wife. She always monopolizes the conversation talking about other people."—Detroit Free Press.

## Willing to Concede It.

"Don't you think she has a queenly figure?"

"I never saw a queen, but if they weigh 200 pounds and have double chins I guess she has."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Just Encouraging It.

"The office should seek the man, you know."

"That's all right," replied the avowed aspirant, "but I gave it a fair chance and it seemed diffident."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## An Excellent Start.

"Dumley says he thinks he'll go in for yachting this summer. It's more than half equipped already."

"Got the yacht, has he?"

"No, the clothes."—New York Press.

## Pleased.

Parke—Your wife has a tremendous influence over you, hasn't she?

Lane—Simply wonderful. Why, I've got so I positively enjoy living beyond my income. —New York Life.

## Considerate.

"I see you have counted up my bill wrongly—14 marks instead of 13."

Walter—Well, I thought you might be superstitious. —Megendorfer Blatt.

## FISH SUPERSTITIONS.

Queer Old Time Notions, Some of Which Still Survive.

The one fish medicine of which modern science thoroughly approves is cod liver oil, and this, though in far less nauseous form than formerly, is swallowed in tons every year.

In old days a much wider use was made of fish as cures for various evils, and some of these practices have survived to the present day. Some little time ago a boy died of epilepsy in a north Wales parish. The doctor, called in too late, inquired if the deceased had been given any medicine. "Oh, yes," was the answer. "We caught a trout, drowned it in new milk and gave it to the boy."

Eels are supposed to possess all kinds of virtues. In the dark ages of medicine a powder made of eels' liver was considered an absolute specific for deafness and was also employed in cases of ague or fever. A decoction of eels' fat is still used by Dutch peasants as a remedy for falling hair.

But the most valuable part of the eel, according to popular superstition, is its skin. Many an old farmer wears a belt of eelskin as a preventive against rheumatism, and some believe that a garter made of the skin of this snake-like fish worn next to the human skin as a preventive not only against rheumatism, but also against sprains or similar injuries.

Another cure for rheumatism, which finds favor with salt water fishermen, is a red herring. The herring being the most plentiful of all the sea fish, a number of superstitions have attached themselves to it. For luck through the ensuing year one must be sure to eat a herring on New Year's day.

Fishermen believe that each shoal is headed by a king herring, which is more than double as large as any of its followers. They believe that when one of the "kings" comes up in the net it should be thrown overboard; otherwise the next day's fishing will be a failure. —Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

## THE HEADSMAN.

He Used the Sword and Not the Ax Prior to 1483.

I am inclined to think that prior to 1483 the sword and not the ax was usually employed as the weapon for judicial decapitation and that a block was dispensed with, the victims receiving their doom "meekly kneeling upon their knees," and in this opinion I am fortified by the concurrence of an eminent clerical historian. This learned writer agreed with me that the ax did not become the "regulation" lethal implement until after the rough and ready "heading" of Lord Hastings on the Tower green, when he was summarily dispatched by order of the protector, Gloucester.

In this instance, according to the chroniclers, the victim's neck was stretched upon a piece of timber then in use for the repair of the adjacent church of St. Peter ad Vincula, probably a "putlog," part of the scaffolding which, we read, "conveniently lay in the way." Contemporary accounts seem to indicate that the executioner straddled over the prone body, and from this position I infer that the decapitation was effected by the tool known as an ax, the cutting edge of which is at a right angle to and not in a plane with the haft.

I may add that the only contemporary reference I have come across of the use or proposed use of an ax and block for inflicting capital punishment prior to this tragedy is in one of the Paston series of letters describing the peril of an unfortunate captive of Jack Cade's rebels (A. D. 1450), a generation before Lord Hastings was so clumsily hacked to death. —London Notes and Queries.

## The Hair.

A single hair, which can support a weight of two ounces, is so elastic that it may be stretched to one-third of its entire length and then regain its former size and condition. Dr. Pincus has measured the growth of hair by cutting off circles about one inch in diameter from the heads of healthy men and so comparing the growth of the patches with that of the rest of the hair. He found that the growth rate generally became slower after cutting; that in some cases the hair on the patches grew at the same rate as the rest, but that it never grew any faster.

The ordinary length of the hair on the head ranges between twenty-two inches and about forty-five inches, the latter being considered unusually long. —London Standard.

## Beetles.

The Rev. Theodore Wood, a well known English authority on beetles, makes an interesting observation on a little beetle found frequently in the flowers of the primrose, but nowhere else, which is quite a mystery. It is small, brown and flat, and Mr. Wood remarks of it: "How its life is lived nobody knows. Where its eggs are laid, what the grubs feed upon, where the chrysalis be hidden, nobody knows. Nobody knows even why the perfect beetle gets into the primrose blossom."

## An Easy Way.

"In order to succeed in life," said the experienced person, "you must not be afraid to make enemies."

"Then," answered the tractable youth, "you would probably advise me to put in some time as a baseball umpire." —Washington Star.

## When the Adamsses Move.

Mrs. K., while telling her children about Adam and Eve and the beauties of the garden of Eden, was interrupted by one of the tiny tots saying, "Oh, mamma, when those Adamsses move away let us get that place to live in." —Delineator.

## A WILD RACE.

When the First Pony Express Was Nearing Sacramento.

Cornelius Cole, ex-senator from California, tells in his memoirs how the first "pony express" reached Sacramento, Cal., long before the first transcontinental railroad was surveyed: "Those who were there to witness it will never forget the arrival of the first of these express messengers at Sacramento. It was an occasion of great rejoicing, and everybody, big and little, old and young, turned out to see the fun. All business for the time was suspended. Even the courts adjourned for the event. A large number of the citizens of all classes, grave and gay, mounted on fast horses, rode out some miles on the line to meet the incoming wonder."

"The waiting was not long. The little rider upon his blooded charger, under whip and spur, came down upon them like a meteor, but made not the slightest halt to greet his many visitors. Then began a race of all that waiting throng over the stretch back to the city, the like of which has never been seen. It may have been rivaled in speed and confusion by some of the cavalry disasters during the war that presently followed, but the peaceful people of Sacramento, I am sure, never beheld anything of the kind before or afterward."

"The whole cavalcade, shouting and cheering, some waving banners and bareheaded, riding at the top of their speed, dashing down J street, might have been taken, had it occurred on the plains, for a band of wild Comanches, but the little mail carrier paid no attention to them and kept in the lead."

## A ROMANCE IN TIN.

One Man's Fortune From the Price of a Pair of Shoes.

Some years ago a man who had started in business in Tasmania found that he could not meet his engagements and was compelled to call a meeting of his creditors.

Among his assets were a number of Mount Birschoff tin mine shares, which were regarded as worthless. It was the first tin mine discovered in Tasmania, and the output was not as heavy as the prospectus declared it would be.

The shares dropped in value, and when the debtor offered them to his creditors the latter refused to touch them.

Among the creditors was a poor shoemaker who had supplied the man with a pair of shoes. He offered to take the shares in payment of his debt. No one raised any objection, and he took the shares, saying, "They may turn out well some day."

Five years later, under proper management, the mine developed into a valuable property. It was a veritable mountain of tin, and the shares sprang up to an astonishing point.

Eventually the metal was "cornered" by a French syndicate, and the shares reaching a fabulous price, the once indigent shoemaker sold out and realized a fortune.

The money was wisely invested, and now he is in the enjoyment of an income of several thousands a year derived from the payment for a pair of shoes valued at \$3.—London Telegraph.

## Absolute Obesity.

There is a member of the faculty of a certain university who, to use the words of a colleague, "is as rotund physically as he is profound metaphysically."

One day the professor chanced to come upon his children, of whom he has a number, all of whom were, to his astonishment, engaged in an earnest discussion of the meaning of the word "absolute."

"Dad," queried one of the youngsters, "can a man be absolutely good?"

"No," replied the father.

"Dad," put in another youngster, "can a man be absolutely bad?"

"No."

"Papa," ventured the third child, a girl, "can a man be absolutely fat?"

Whereupon father fled incontinently. —Philadelphia Ledger.

## Making Hubby Appreciative.

A doctor tells of a note he received from a woman saying that her husband, who was about to make him a professional call, found constant fault with the dinner she prepared for him. She appealed to the physician for aid. The doctor examined his patient, who had a slight attack of indigestion, and told him to cut out lunches, to eat nothing but a slice of toast and a cup of tea. The scheme worked excellently. Of course hubby returns home in the evening, eats everything in sight and votes his wife's cooking even better than mother used to make. —Boston Record.

## Property Rights.

Private property, in the shape in which we know it today, was chiefly formed by the gradual disentanglement of the separate rights of individuals from the blended rights of a community. There is every reason for believing that property once belonged not to individuals or even the isolated families, but to the patriarchal society as a whole. In other words, property was at first communistic rather than personal. —New York American.

## Needed Airing.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Borem hotly. "I've got a right to air my opinions, haven't I?"

"Oh, of course," replied Brightly.

"They're so stale and musty they certainly need something of that sort." —Philadelphia Press.

Practice not your art and 'twill soon depart.—German Proverb.

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